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THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1882.

No. 2.

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For further information apply to the President,

ROBERT A. LAMBERTON, LL.D.,
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,

WM. ULRICH, Principal, South Bethlehem, Pa.

REFERENCES:

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IN this School attention is given exclusively to the requirements for admission to LEHIGH UNIVERSITY. Its course is finished when these have been thoroughly mastered. The Principal is aided in his work by five assistants, who, each having a special department, are able to make their instruction thorough, practical and satisfactory. That thirty of our scholars were admitted to the present Freshman Class without any conditions certainly speaks for the thoroughness of the work.

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1882.

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Tickets good to return until SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 28th.

This Special Excursion Train will be run under the auspices of a Committee, and for the Benefit of the Moravian Church, South Bethlehem, Pa., and will leave Bethlehem at 6.45 A.M. Tuesday, making but one stop, at Hellertown, and will arrive at Philadelphia at 8.45 A.M.

Tickets for sale at Clauder's Bookstores, Bethlehem and South Bethlehem; at Schwartz's and Leibert's Bookstores, Bethlehem, and at the Depot of the Committee on Tuesday morning.

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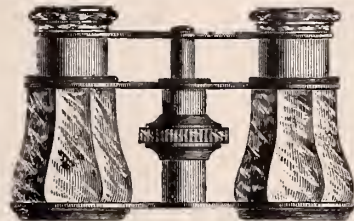
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We do First-class Book and Job Printing. "The Burr" is a product of our Printing Rooms. We are also prepared to have made to order, specially ruled and printed Headings, Blank-Books and forms of all kinds.

The patronage of the subscribers to "The Burr," and the readers of this advertisement is respectfully solicited.

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THE LEHIGH BURR.

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OCTOBER, 1882.

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*This young man is not an Attaché of the French Legation,
but a successful contestant in College Games.*

THE LEHIGH BURR.

Published monthly during the college year by the students of the
Lehigh University.

EDITORS:

N. O. GOLDSMITH, '83, *Managing Editor*.

J. A. WATSON, '84, *Business Editor*.

F. H. PURNELL, '83.

H. A. BUTLER, '83.

A. P. SMITH, '84.

H. B. DOUGLAS, '84.

C. L. TOLMAN, '85.

F. W. B. PILE, '85.

R. H. DAVIS, '86.

Students and graduates are requested to contribute matter of all descriptions, which may be sent to the Managing Editor, Box 141, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Business communications should be sent to the Business Editor, J. A. Watson, Bethlehem, Pa.

TERMS:

One year, - - - - - \$1.25

Single copies, each, - - - - - .15

Subscription price invariably in advance.

[Entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., for transmission through the mails at second class rates.]

IT is to be hoped that no one will think it unsuitable for THE BURR to suggest the need of a new hall in which the students may have comfortable, large and well ventilated rooms. The University is situated in a town well calculated to encourage college life, and pleasant rooms on this side of the river would be quickly taken, as has been proven by the number of seniors and juniors who have tried living over town and in the halls, and have returned to the latter.

If a magnanimous alumnus, or any person who takes an interest in our progress, wants to make his name immortal, here is an unrivalled opportunity, of which he should hasten to avail himself. And we know that songs of thanksgiving and joy would resound through its halls on many a night while he himself is sound asleep on his downy couch.

Let him imagine a poor lonely fresh, stumbling about the badly paved streets of the Bethlehems, in search of a room—any kind of a one, only so it is a room. And this caused by the present halls being filled and all the good accommodations outside taken by

upper class men or more fortunate class-mates. Then he can see and appreciate our need and hasten to satisfy it.

THE cane rush has come and gone, and the cobble stone pavement of the park gutters and a few shrubs are left to tell the tale. It was one continuous, violent struggle, lasting an hour or more, and the execution done upon the turf and shrubbery of the campus, and the clothing of the contestants, was appalling. At the bottom of an indistinguishable mass of fresh humanity, was the cane; while around this was formed the remainder of the class, like the Scots about their king at the battle of Flodden, receiving the impetuous charges of the untiring sophomores. As rushes go, it was the best ever seen here, both parties behaved magnificently, while everybody was satisfied, except the man who had to repair the damages to the park. Next year let us have the rush in the new athletic grounds where the damage to life and property will be less, and let there be some limit fixed, so that the contest may not be prolonged an indefinite length of time.

THERE are three ways in which the students of a college can support the publication of that college. The first and most direct is by their subscriptions. The second is by their contributions. And third and last but by no means least, comes the patronage of those who advertise in its columns. Upon the first point THE BURR has no complaint to make. In regard to the second we are as fortunate as the average college papers, perhaps, but as to the third point, little or no attention is given. Now the advertising columns of THE BURR have been extended this year so that nearly every trade has two or more representatives, and consequently a restriction of patronage to them would not result in a monopoly, for there is still room for lively competition. We ask the students then, as they wish to do the square thing by those who are aiding them in

the support of a college paper, as they wish to insure the future prosperity of THE BURR and the ease of future editorial boards,—upon which they may be called to serve,—to patronize our advertisers.

WE note with pleasure the improvements in Saucon Hall. With commodious bath rooms, etc., it is now very comfortable, and that it is appreciated is proved by the fact that all the rooms are taken. The old cause of complaint is now removed, but what advantage is it to put in the newest system of drains, etc., if the present steward is to be allowed to pile waste and garbage around in all sorts of corners to pollute the air with their effluvia. The sanitary condition of the building will certainly be no better than it was before, and it amounts to so much money thrown away, because one man is too lazy to attend to his duty. What is the remedy for this?

IT is with reluctance that THE BURR feels called upon to speak about a nuisance which, here, is happily, except in one or two cases, conspicuous by its absence. We refer to disorder in class rooms. We do not pretend to decide with whom the fault chiefly lies; but on the official side it seems to be produced, not so much by weakness in the professor or instructor, as by the surplus fund of good nature which makes him dislike to use for once the power intrusted to him, and thus being obliged, in self-defence, to resort to extreme measures in the end. It is not necessary for him to be a severe disciplinarian, or to be continually playing the spy; but if at the outset he gave the class clearly to understand that they came to him to learn something, and not to waste time, by promptly sending the offender from the room, or punishing him in some equally effective manner, after having once warned him, he would soon nip all fooling in the bud, and his relations with the class would thereafter be of the pleasantest. Instead of this, which in most rooms is found to work well enough, the disturbance is checked in such

a manner, that the offender sees perfectly well that he can continue his little game with impunity. Soon other less daring spirits, thinking it manly, are infected with the desire to make themselves conspicuous, and the hour is mainly spent in a vain endeavour to expostulate with, and quiet these disturbing elements, to the intense amusement of the rest of the class. It is true, that studies which take many of us out of the grooves of technical work, are not to some interesting, and therefore not instructive, hence they think it only proper that they should show this by trying to have as much fun, or what they consider as such, as possible, during the hours devoted to these subjects. Such men might remember that there are others in the class, who really want to learn, and have not come to college with the sole intent of behaving as though they were in an infant school. They are quiet enough in some rooms, and regardless of other considerations, it is only a courtesy which they, as gentlemen, owe to the professor, that they should be so. Fun is necessary enough at times, and college life would be almost unbearable without it, but it is surely little enough to ask of a man, that he should for an hour try to restrain his animal spirits and powers of repartee, finding, as he can, ample scope for them among his classmates.

“TO MY SWEET-HEART AT THE SEMINARY.”

WE labor for a common goal,
 And side by side in heart;
 The “single thought” is ever one,
 The “souls” are kept apart.
 How well we know that we could frame
 A code of perfect rules,
 But could we vouch that the result,
 Would benefit our schools?
 We surely cannot ask reform,
 We must endure the strain,
 For what would be sunshine to us,
 To *others* would be rain.
 We bear our fate with fortitude,
 But teachers all beware!
 For when we’re through we’re going to “court,”
 And “Sue” you’ll — not be there.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

THOSE who woke on the morning of Founder's Day, hoping to find a clearer sky than the previous day had promised, were unpleasantly disappointed, as they looked out on the raw, dreary prospect. The cold East wind, which had sprung up the day before, still continued, rendering "nil" all prospects of the weather clearing off. In spite, however, of this unpleasant state of affairs, shortly before eleven, the whole body of students assembled in front of the Library, formed a procession headed by the freshmen, the alumni, some of the guests, the faculty, the board of trustees, the Hon. Daniel Agnew and President Lamberton bringing up the rear, and marched up to Packer Hall, where the students were assigned positions in the already crowded drawing-room. The remainder of the procession taking seats on the platform. The proceedings were opened by devotional exercises conducted by the Chaplain, Prof. Bird, after which Pres. Lamberton, in a few appropriate words introduced the orator of the day. As Dr. Agnew came forward there was "loud and prolonged applause" on the subsidence of which the students rose and heartily gave the college cheer for our distinguished guest. Mr. Agnew departing from the usual address, did not confine himself to giving the biography of our worthy Founder, but spoke for nearly an hour on the benefits arising from the diffusion of knowledge and the character which a student should endeavor to cultivate. The disagreeable weather did not appear to prevent the numerous friends of Lehigh from showing their interest in us by their presence. As usual the music on the occasion was finely given by Hassler's Orchestra, who remained to furnish witching strains for the waltzers in the evening. Messrs Linderman, R. D. Stewart, Haines, Hillegass, Douglas and Reeves of the class of '84, were the ushers.

—Hopkins, '82, one of the original board of editors of THE BURR, was in town for Founder's Day.

THE HOP.

ALTHOUGH the inclemency of the weather necessitated the postponement of the Athletic Sports, it did not largely interfere with the evening Hop.

It is due the committee on arrangements, to say that their energetic efforts to make the Hop a grand success, were fully realized. The ladies were unanimous in their praises for the committee, the music, the floor and in fact for everything connected with the evening's enjoyment, and all expressed themselves as having "had a perfectly lovely time," which fact alone is, no doubt, a bountiful reward for those who have taken so much trouble. It was especially pleasing to note the number of lady visitors who were present, and who added so much to the pleasure of the occasion.

Though there are quite a number of resident young ladies yet, the gentlemen are largely in the majority, and as a lady cannot very conveniently dance with more than one gentleman at the same time, young lady visitors are always heartily welcome. One thing which somewhat marred the general good feeling which prevailed, and which, in future, should be strictly avoided, was the fact that some of the gentlemen were a little over-zealous in making engagements with ladies to dance. This was particularly noticable at the entrance to the ladies' dressing room, being the more objectionable as it was confined largely to gentlemen who did not bring ladies. Gentlemen who are in company with ladies, have very little opportunity of making engagements until they reach the ball-room, and it is certainly selfish and unfair in those gentlemen who come alone, to take a position near the ladies' dressing-room, with the purpose of monopolizing the dances. Committees in future should endeavor to find a remedy for this objectionable practice.

—When should a very æsthetic young man propose to his lady-love?

He should Oscar Wilde daylight is fading.



ATHLETIC GAMES.

Tug of war as seen from the grand stand.

ATHLETIC GAMES

ON Saturday, October 16th, at ten o'clock A.M., the annual sports of the Athletic Association, which had been postponed from Thursday afternoon on account of the weather, were held on the old grounds of the association, the new grounds being not yet completed. Though the day opened so unfavorably that it was thought the meeting would have to be postponed, by ten o'clock the weather was as fine as could be desired; while the warm sun and light wind quickly rendered the track hard and firm, thanks to its light and sandy nature, in spite of the three days rain to which it had been previously subjected. Most of the events were very sharply contested, and some very fair records were made. It is to be deplored however, that the number of starters was so few and also that there were *any* walk-overs. At the spring meeting, which will be held on the new grounds, each event should see half a dozen entries. The events in the order of occurrence were as follows:

Mile Run, (handicap.)

J. DeBruyn Kops, '83, 5 min. 20½ sec.

220 Yards Dash.

H. A. Butler, '83, 27 sec; Second, C. M. Tolman, '85, 27½ sec.

One Mile Walk.

E. F. Miller, '83, 8 min. 52 sec.

Running Broad Jump.

B. E. Rhoads, '85, 18 ft. 2 in.

100 Yards Dash.

J. H. Wells, '85, 10¼ sec.

Putting the Shot.

W. T. Wilson, '84, 34 ft. 1½ in.

Pole Vaulting.

J. M. Thatcher, '85, 7 ft. 11 in.

Bicycle Race, (2 Miles.)

P. D. Millholland, '86, 7 min. 46¾ sec.

Tug of War.

Class of '84.

140 Yards Dash.

H. Toulmin, '86, 56¾ sec.

Running High Jump.

J. H. Fleming, '86, 4 ft. 11¾ min.

Hurdle Race.

R. H. Davis, '86, 20-sec.

Throwing the Hammer.

W. T. Wilson, '84, 68 ft.

ON AN INVITATION TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

WHAT! not another birthday;
Now, really Lydia dear

You ought not to crowd so many
In the single calendar year,
For I know that my being invited
Means a fancy priced present from me
Is expected to come with the donor,
A sequence I don't care to see.

I have sent you whole quires of birthday cards,
Bernhardt gloves of diminutive size,
Horsman's double strung racquets,
And candy enough to cause your immediate demise.
And what I'm to give you this time
That's both cheap and quite in the mode,
Is beyond me, unless I send her this verse
And call it A Birthday Ode.

UNAPPRECIATED ZEAL.

“WHY did I give up drawing?” asked my freshman, who comes from the same place I do, and I promised his family I'd look after him; so he has the run of my rooms and the use of my pipes and advice. He is rather familiar sometimes, but as I was a freshman once myself I can tolerate and forgive him. Besides, he has a sister.

“Well, you see, it's quite an incident. Prof. ——— told us to get up our sketches at home and hand 'em in weekly, suggested that we should draw the furniture and things in our rooms. Well, I did. I sketched my solitary chair about five times then I settled down on my tennis racquet. I worked that bat in every possible shade and angle, after I had presented it seven times consecutively, he said he couldn't conscientiously accept it again. What was I to do? I couldn't furnish my rooms over again simply to sketch the curves of the chairs. I decided to draw other people's

furniture, although I didn't know anyone who would willingly allow me to caricature their household goods. Not being a fraternity man I had no one to introduce me on the Hill, so I determined to go one higher in the social scale and visit the Moravians."

"How did you get to know any of the Moravians?" I asked.

"I don't know 'em, that's just it. I strengthened my determination by betting Winston I could get into any Moravian domicile he could name. Always bet with Winston, he's the only man in college that, if he wins, pays, and if he loses, doesn't make unpleasant hints. Just remember that. Well, I sallied forth last Wednesday armed with sketch-book and Faber's best. The first house I stormed, was on Market street. I reconnoitred and discovered door open, woman inside rocking a baby, old clock in corner, just what I wanted. I formed a hollow square and advanced boldly. "Madame," I said, "I am illustrating an article for the *Century Magazine*, entitled 'The early Moravian settlers in Bethlehem,' and have been directed to you as a person likely to have in her possession relics bearing historically on this subject, which, if you would allow me to sketch and paint would add greatly to the value of the article."

"What?" she said.

"You don't mean to tell me," I broke in.

"Exactly, don't interrupt me, and pass the tobacco. Well, I saw she couldn't appreciate all that about the First Moravian pilgrims and so forth, so I simply asked if I could draw the clock. She probably took me for a tax collector or assessor for she said something about it's being rented with the house. I suggested that wouldn't make much difference in the sketch and set to work. The woman seated herself resignedly, regarding me by this time as a sneak thief, or, perhaps, a kidnapper, for when some bread commenced to burn in the next room I could see an internal struggle going on within her as to whether she should let the bread burn or lose her child, and I must

say to her credit that it was a long time before she decided to run her chances on the infant and make a surety of the bread. The baby howled; so I endeavored to soothe it in my own happy way. Though I don't think as a child's nurse I am a success, I kicked the cradle spasmodically and thought of Emmett's lullaby or of smothering it with the afghan. I think myself that the lullaby would have been the quicker death. Her husband came in then and I thought I'd finish the sketch again. Well, I'd had enough of the lower ten thousand so I determined to revel in mahogany side tables, spinning-wheels and old china among the first families, though I believe all the Moravians consider themselves first families. My æsthetic senses craved for something better than old clocks and burning bread. At the next place I stormed, the door was opened by an aged female who I imagine was slightly hard of hearing; I said, 'Madame I am illustrating an article for the *Century Magazine* entitled,' and so on. She said that the gentleman of the house had gone out and besides he had given away his last pair of old shoes just yesterday already, and slammed the door in my face. But after that I got along swimmingly. The variety both of treatment and subjects that I received in that afternoon, made me a cynic for life. At one place two maiden ladies got hold of me, they were the most antique specimens that I found in my industrious search for historical fossils, and, by Jove, they were so anxious to see their names in print that they'd have had me sketch everything from the door-bell clear through the premises to the knocker on the back-gate. At another place I found no one in but the young lady, she kindly brought me an old snuff-box, a relic in the family. Well, I suppose I drew that snuff-box about twelve times. Couldn't get one to suit me; took up the whole afternoon. Bother of it was, I said I must leave that evening, so I couldn't bring in another call and draw a thirteenth sketch. Every one I visited, said they would subscribe to the

Century until that article came out. I think the *Century* ought to give me a commission. About six o'clock I approached a stately mansion house on Church street, rang boldly and asked for Mrs. Hiemlicher or something. I stopped asking for the lady of the house found that condemned me instantly. They'd say "no; Missus don't want nothing" and slam the door. So I always asked who lived in the houses I intended visiting. O, I was getting along. I intend to be a drummer as soon as I'm shipped. Mrs. Hiemlicher was in and was very gracious, quite enthusiastic. Yes, she had just what I wanted, would I come up stairs? There were some gentlemen dining with her husband who could give me all the information I wanted. Come! I thought, this isn't half so bad, as visions of *café noir* and cigars floated before me. I calmly ascended the stairs. Mrs. Hiemlicher preceded, and I heard her explaining and introducing me in the room at the head of the stairs. 'A young artist from the *Century*, Mr. Hallowell is his name, he has only the day to stay in Bethlehem. He starts for Kentucky to-morrow to sketch some subjects for an article on the Mammoth Cave. Will you come in?' As she spoke I innocently entered with that fascinating bow of mine and my arms at right angles. I had worked up an æsthetic walk and pose to sustain my character as artist. I had to do it some way. Well, I adopted it on entering the room. It was impressive, very, but it was not as impressive as my exit; no, nor as hurried. My boy, whom, whom do you suppose I saw standing in the group of gentlemen risen to receive this unhappy freshman? Prex! Yes sir, Prex! All of him! I think I got my hat, I know my cane still dangles on Mrs. Hiemlicher's hat rack. Yes, I went home quickly, I wanted the exercise. After that my interest in drawing flagged, and I haven't attended recitations with my accustomed regularity. Didn't seem to enjoy it. Then one day Prof. ——— met me on the campus and suggested that as I had reached a

point in sketching where any assistance of his would be superfluous, that my attendance part at recitation would not be required. Now, I suppose that it all came of that *Century Magazine* episode. That's the way of this world; what was pure unadulterated zeal on my part has been mistaken for levity, levity. Yes, 'tis a queer world. Pass the tobacco."

SUNDAY CHAPEL.

THERE is a question, upon which there has been much discussion, but which, in a large degree, still remains unanswered. It is: How can Sunday chapel be made more attractive? It may seem strange to those who are not obliged to attend, that, though we have the regular morning services as prescribed by the Prayer Book, the services are dull and uninteresting. If every person were a perfect christian, no doubt the surroundings would make but little difference to him during his hour of devotion, but the majority of persons will concede, that the attending circumstances in a place of worship, have much to do with the spiritual results.

It is partly for this reason that our churches are handsomely furnished and decorated, that the best of music is chosen and rendered in the best possible manner, and that clergymen select subjects for their sermons, which will be interesting and at the same time instructive and elevating. There is a decided sanctity connected with every consecrated house of worship, which evokes a certain deference from every worshipper the moment he enters its atmosphere. This house is ever the scene of dignified decorum and reverence. With the college chapel it is entirely different; it is used alike for service, recitation room, class meetings, committee meetings, as a preparatory school for cane rushes, and in fact as a general college convenience.

There is little to demand the dignified reverence due such a place, and as a consequence it does not receive it. The authorities have probably done all in their power, as they have

procured suitable benches and otherwise contributed to the comfort of the students; still a great deal is lacking. This being professedly an Episcopal institution, we may reasonably infer that the large majority of students here, have been brought up under the training of the church. Now, if for four years they are obliged to make college chapel, in its present imperfect condition, a substitute for their accustomed Sunday morning services, will not the tendency be to lessen their interest in church matters, and hence in religious duties? If we must have Sunday services, could not the ever perplexing question be answered in this way? The congregation of the church of the Nativity is gradually increasing, and probably before very long the building will have to be enlarged. There is also a rumor of the building of a new college chapel. Now could not these two objects be consolidated, that the students of the future might enjoy the benefit of a thoroughly church-like Sunday service.

A FRAGMENT.

I was sitting by the window,
 At the closing hour of day,
 When the host of gathering shadows
 Drive the sunset clouds away.
 And the perfume of the roses
 Stole within the silent room;
 And the beauty of the landscape
 Faded mid the gathering gloom.
 I saw the pale moon rise on high,
 And the bright stars shine and glow
 On the broad expanse of ocean,
 Where the blue waves come and go.
 And the cold gray rocks resisting
 The rude surf beneath their feet,
 Fringe the yellow strand extending
 Where the angry billows meet.

HUNTING THE FRESHIES.

THE freshmen not filling out the nice, neat little strips of papers and handing them in, together with the dollar and a quarter for "one year's subscription to THE BURR" as

they were requested to do, it became necessary to hunt them up and explain the merits of the paper, which they had failed to see.

Some one of the Eds. must do this work and alas, the lot fell on me. Setting out one night, knowing where very few of them lived, I had not gone more than a block before I heard up the street the thump, thump, of two canes. I then knew I had my victims, for they had just won those useful ornaments, and did not yet know how to handle them. Besides they would probably be in a good humor on the strength of their success. Too wary to tackle them in the open street, and thus run a chance of one dodging me while I button-holed the other, I determined to see them both safely housed, and then, when there was no escape, turn on the full blast of my eloquence, talk them into the subscription and out of the silver. Allowing them to pass without seeing me, I proceeded to follow them. On and on they took me. The canes no longer thumped the pavement in the freshman-like way, and indeed they even seemed careful that their footsteps should be as light as possible. Where the seven hills of Rome can these sinners be taking me, thought I. On we went, when suddenly turning a corner, there dawned on my wondering vision, a high fence dividing us from a number of rows of trees. By the Lord Harry, apples and pears! Well, to think I have been here these many years and never discovered this orchard before! By the time I had found out this, the freshies, having reconnoitered, proceeded to slip through the fence, convincing me by the directness with which they went to the opening, that this was not their first expedition here. Here was a fix. Should I calmly wait until they return loaded, demand half the fruit and threaten to divulge on them if they did not take two subscriptions each, or should I play farmer Jones and sweep down like a thunderbolt on these innocent lambs. The temptation for the latter was too strong, besides I knew they would give me the poorest fruit of the lot when I made them divide.

Cautiously approaching the fence, I saw them at different trees, one was busily engaged making the acquaintance of an apple, while the other was dividing his attention between a pear tree and a neighboring grape vine. Carefully locating the trees, so that I could readily find them when the stampede was over, I stepped through the opening and approaching the nearest man, yelled, "Was der deuvell!" The effect was startling. With a hollow groan he dropped the apple which was on its way to join its companions in his pocket, threw up his hands and then not seeing any one, as I had stepped behind a neighboring tree, he made a bolt for the opening where he came in. I followed hard after him yelling, "Catch him Towzer," "Hold on to him, old boy," &c. Oh if I could only find that freshly. I am persuaded he is the future champion runner of America. We covered the distance in an incredibly short time, but while running it I could hear the other man coming like a steam engine. When we arrived at the opening, instead of going through, I stopped a few feet down the fence. The hindmost man did not see me until after he arrived at the opening, whereupon I proceeded to persuade "Towzer" to investigate the thickness of his clothing. This seemed to lend wings to his feet and he gained upon the other man, who, thinking it was the farmer still after him, made better time than even he had at first. With a parting shot from my limited vocabulary of dutch, they faded from my sight, but when last seen the first man still held his own. I afterwards found out, that they did not discover their mistake until about a quarter of a mile on, when the first man finding the supposed farmer overtaking him, turned up a side street and saw his companion pass at a very remarkable pace, considering the distance he had come. The canes can be had by applying at the sanctum.

—"Why are you so jolly this morning?"
 "I have just come from Sunday Chapel."
 "What is so jolly at Sunday Chapel?"
 "The sermon, it is as good as a play."

NEW ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

SINCE, on account of the small-pox epidemic, the surveying of the new Athletic Grounds could not be accomplished before the end of last term, the grading was not commenced until the beginning of August, and hence according to the contractor's statement, cannot possibly be finished before the end of October at least. They are located about one hundred and fifty yards east of the University Park, and when completed will measure 600 feet east and west by 200 feet north and south, and will also have a fall of 3 feet from north to south. The track will be one quarter of a mile in length, inside measurement, and 25 feet wide. The grand stand is to be situated in the south-east corner, the finish being just in front, so as to give the spectators a fine view of the entire home-stretch. The space inside will be prepared for use as a base-ball ground. It is to be hoped that all who can do anything, all the more that they will soon have a fine Gymnasium to train in, will show their appreciation of the donor's generosity by bringing Lehigh again well to the front in the Athletic world. Mr. Purnell '83, assisted by Messrs W. and F. B. Langston '84, Goodnow '83, Hoppes '83, Smith '84, Wells '85, surveyed the Grounds and made the necessary calculations. The contract was taken by T. Maccan of South Bethlehem.

THE PREP'S DREAM.

"To dream and dream like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height "

WHO would not be a college student? What a fascinating thing it is to the weary "Prep," whose thoughts often wander back to the halcyon days of his younger life; to the red school house on the hill; the willow and the babbling brook. Perhaps he can tell how many times he visited that very tree to cut a switch for the stern master; or how often he lingered by that brook to pour out his heart to a bright-eyed, cherry-lipped sympathizer.

Whether it is the strong contrast between the college man,—with his silk hat and jaunty cane, his *distingué* air and exquisite bang,—and the ordinary plebeian, or whether it is his wild adventures and “amours,” which the current literature of the day associates with the college man, which makes the heart of the youth yearn for college, we do not decide. Certain we are, however, that the fascination does exist, and the burning desire to enter college emanates more from a diseased imagination than from a proper desire for knowledge. It is not until he is through with the primitive school house, and the willow and brook are phantoms of the past, that his daydreams of college life begin; and lucky for him if they end with his entrance upon good and faithful study.

Look at that “prep” sitting there with an open book in his lap, his dreamy eyes looking far into space—as if looking for the second coming—forgetful of his lesson, forgetful of everything but the future. His vivid imagination takes its flight until lost among the thin floating clouds of college life. He sees as with a second sight a room picturesquely decorated with many a symbol of mystic import. Over the mantel a pair of foils are crossed, on each side of which hang a pair of well worn boxing gloves. A guitar (what would a student's room be without a guitar?) stands idly in the corner, while here and there with professional negligence are arrayed dumb-bells, Indian clubs and other paraphernalia of like character. Any books? Yes; there are a few works on the shelf which bear traces of hard usage. There is: Graham's “Guide to Fencing,” “Kehoe's manual of Indian Club Swinging,” Blakie's “How to get strong,” a work of classics called “The Language of Flowers,” and a scientific work entitled “The Pretty Boy; or Applied Cosmetics.” Ah! that the shades of our fathers could rise and rebuke this depravity of the rising generation! May be they have retreated in disgust long ago. Now his thoughts take another bent. He

sees a river down which a canoe guided by a single hand glides swiftly and silently on. It passes under bridges and shoots past grassy islands; but it is not until it reaches a building on the left shore that the canoe is turned from the swift current and is soon brought to rest on a sandy beach. The moon has just come from behind a cloud and throws its mellow light upon the same scene it has looked upon for years, and as any one so disposed can read about that scene in almost any book he may pick up, we will dispense with a description. The stranger steps lightly ashore, looks hurriedly about, tunes his light guitar and dropping gracefully on one knee, in the approved style of the troubadour, sings in a mellow tenor a plaintive ditty—not to the dainty seminary girl who is probably talking to a senior out of the front window—but to the red-headed, Dutch-rigged queen of the cuisine. Hist! do not arouse his slumbering thoughts, 'twould be a sin. Now he is Leander. What wouldn't he do for his Hero? Would he swim the rushing river? Aye, but when he found the water was too wet, like a sensible Leander of the nineteenth century he would calmly arise and wade ashore.

A harsh voice which has a teutonic ring in its vibrations sounds to his sensitive ear like the hoarse cry of the Dutch raven, and he hears: “*Dod ist dine wash-bill.*” Alas! thus our “*chateau d'Espagne*” crumble away by the iron hand of stern reality!

EXCHANGES.

NOW that the old friends of THE BURR are pouring in upon us, many under the management of new boards, it may not come amiss to say a few words on the subject of our intermittent exchanges. Most of our contemporaries shine upon us with the clear, steady light of stars of the first magnitude. But some flash upon us suddenly like a frightened comet, and then dash away again for a six months' tour through some distant region of the college universe. Others again twinkle,

twinkle as though they were undecided whether to permit us to enjoy their radiance or not. Sometimes we think they are almost out, two or three months will be missing, then again they will bob up serenely and come as regularly as could be desired. Of the former class the *Bates Student* is the exponent. We received three numbers, evenly distributed through the last year. Must we always be thus confined to occasional glimpses? There are two papers which we had thought of advertising, "Lost! Strayed! Or Stolen! Two well developed college papers, answering to the names of the *Columbia Spectator* and the *Niagara Index*. Last seen about the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth of February. Any information in regard to the whereabouts of these, or in case of death, satisfactory proofs of the same, will be gratefully received and liberally rewarded." The *Columbia Spectator* has since turned up, safe and sound, and received as hearty a welcome as was ever afforded to a returned prodigal. Our old friend the, *Queen's College Journal*, that used to say such flattering things, has also gone back on us, May the sixth being the date of its last appearance. We understand how many of these things occurred. We fully appreciate the innate cussedness of things printed, and their tendency to get wrong side up and twisted out of all semblance to their original form; and we are conscious of similar mistakes ourselves. But, this year, we have given our mailing list a thorough overhauling, and if THE BURR does not go straight to the offices of its exchanges, it will be the fault of Uncle Sam's servants and not ours.

Of new exchanges, the two most worthy of mention are, the *Wheelman* and the *Bohemian*. The former is quite a daring venture, and we wish it all success, but we would hardly dare to predict the same on the strength of the first number. It reminds us too much of Tallyrand's reply to the eager requests of a young author for an opinion of his latest work. "Monsieur," said the witty statesman, "Dans

votre livre il y a de bon, et il y a de nouveau, mais ce qu'il y a de bon, n'est pas nouveau, et ce qu'il y a de nouveau, n'est pas bon."

The *Bohemian* is a conundrum to us; we have been trying to determine whether it is a publication of the students or of the alumni. The editorial board is composed of students, but most of the contributors antedate 184-. Our first feeling, on taking it from the wrapper, was one of astonishment at the magnificence of its general get up. If our advice was asked—as being a year older—we should recommend, first, the employment of an able-bodied proof-reader—a few minutes reading revealing four typographical errors;—second, the devoting of "Personalia" to something else than flattering notices of alumni who are, or promise to be, contributors; third, the immediate retirement of Eli, who threatens to be a poor imitation of Ephraim; and fourth, the turning of some of the vim and enterprise of the business management into the literary department, in order to relieve its columns of "Reminiscences" and long winded serials.

So far we have received *The Argo*, *The Yale Record*, *The Harvard Crimson*, *The University Magazine*, *Progress*, *The Princetonian*, *The Tiger*, *The Brunonian*, *The Kansas Review*, *The University Courier*, *The Cornell Review*, *The Adelpian*, *The Hamilton Lit'y Monthly*, *The Res Academicæ*, *The Lafayette College Journal*, *The Wheelman*, *The Bohemian*, *Yale Courant*, *Columbia Spectator*, *The Wheel*, *The Reveille*.

KERNELS.

- The flannel shirt still rageth.
- '86 dropped three men at their re-examinations.
- Buck is mournful, somebody sat on his "Gothic" bed during the rush.
- The tennis courts scattered over the campus add life to the scene, which is an improvement.
- Some of the contestants, while training, were singularly neglectful of the apparatus of the Association, yet when it has to be replaced these gentlemen are among the first to give a dig at the committee about the management of the funds.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

—A number of seniors are already at work on their theses.

—A number of '83 contemplate a post-graduate course.

—Ho, for a University hotel in the west of the College park.

—The *Epitome* editors are getting their business well in hand and expect to issue on time this year.

—The skeleton in the Museum is becoming demoralized. It was lately seen waltzing with a senior.

—The freshmen in free hand drawing use the church symbols in the chapel in lieu of proper subjects for sketches.

—A number of freshmen have been caught on the Seminary fence. It's bad enough to go there fresh, but to get caught—

—The new Athletic grounds are progressing. The contractor hopes to have them graded "before frost gets in the ground."

—The rush was very damaging to the shrubbery and flowers on the Campus. Hereafter it should take place on the Athletic grounds.

—The gymnasium is now almost under roof, but the contractor says it will not be ready for use until Christmas, possibly not until Easter.

—The juniors have just finished their sophomore calculus, which was crowded into the junior year by reason of the small-pox vacation.

—In the sports the seniors took three prizes; the juniors, three; the sophomores, three, and the freshmen, four. Hurrah! for the freshies.

—The passers by during the cane rush were in doubt as to whether the University was a prison or a lunatic asylum, and the students their inmates.

—The grounds of the College Tennis Club have been marked out, and play has begun. There is some talk of having a Tournament before the Winter sets in.

—A visitor on Founders Day asked if the washerwomen in Bethlehem had struck, and the students could not get their linen, that they must appear in flannel shirts.

—The officers of the freshman Class are as follows: President, W. P. Taylor; Vice-President, W. H. Sayre; Secretary, R. S. Breinig; Treasurer, L. R. Hawley; Historian, R. H. Davis.

—Messrs. Clapp, Sayre, Schmit and Reist, the freshmen who maintained their hold on the cane during the late one-hour rush, have been presented with canes by their admiring classmates.

—Young lady finding table covered with nut shells, etc., to maid—"Rachael do clear these things off, this table is for literary purposes."

Maid—"Yes ma'am, there do seem to be a right smart litter on it."

—The display of fireworks intended for Founder's Day, took place Saturday night on the campus. It was as usual, largely attended by the muckers, of South Bethlehem. What is the idea of this expense, can any one say?

—Scene—Morning after cane rush. First fresh: "What is the matter with your cane? It looks queer."

Second F.—"Oh I had to saw six inches off the end of it."

F. F.—"So'd I." (Exeunt, twirling them carefully).

—Pugnacious Rough, backed by his gang, to student—"I'm the man wot broke up the Allentown Fair, I'm the terror of Shanty Hill, and I came back—" Student—"Well, when I was in the cane rush—" (Immediate stampede of terrified roughs).

—The foolish maiden talketh to her freshman partners, of the cane rush and the class photograph, but the wise maiden acteth well, as if she thought him a senior, and sayeth she will come to see him graduate next Spring, and her plate is oft replenished and her card is filled.

—The senior Civil and Mechanical Engineers are going to analyze the roof trusses of the Gymnasium, and now we shall soon be hearing that the flecflural strain produced by a heavy weight athlete performing the giant's swing will be sufficient to collapse the building.

—If the sleepy-headed attendant at the Library could be persuaded to fill your order before he finishes the chapter of the trash-paper, which he brings up for his own special delectation, and devote a little of his valuable time to removing the superfluous dust from the books, gas shades, desks, etc., it would be more satisfactory to the students, and cease to be a subject of remark for visitors and strangers.

—The sophomore Class at Williams having rejected a motion to the effect that the freshmen should be allowed to carry their canes without molestation, President Carter interfered and taking advantage of the disagreement, by a system of hostages in use there, compelled them to pass it. Naturally the College is in arms about it, and the freshmen have shown their appreciation of having their battles thus fought for them by unanimously passing a motion not to carry canes for the remainder of the term.

—Princeton, in addition to her numerous other attractions, now possesses the second largest repeating telescope in the United States, and the fourth largest in the world at present, which was mounted in July. The object glass is twenty-three inches in diameter (that of the Equatorial at the U. S. Naval Observatory being twenty-six inches) and the focal length thirty feet. The lenses were cast in Paris; the telescope itself being constructed by Alvan Clark & Sons. One peculiarity of the mounting is that the shaft is floated in mercury to reduce the degree of friction as much as possible. Other novel features are that the clamps and slow motion screws can be operated, and the declination circle read without removing the eye from the eye-piece. As the glass is for the present to be used chiefly for stellar spectroscopy, it is provided with a fine spectroscope, six feet in length. The most powerful ever made. The performance of the glass is said to be remarkably good.

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